

FACTION

(25)

DISPLAY'D.

A
POEM

— Sed non Antibore Furor
Sublato cecidit rabies — Lucan.

Nec sit Poema sale facetiisque confertum,
Sit potius Moratum, & Nervosum.

Scal.

From a Correct COPY.

LONDON: Printed in the YEAR 1704.

TO
The Concealed
AUTHOR of this Excellent
P O E M.

WHEN *Dryden's* Tuneful Celebrated Muse
Did God-like *David* for her Subject Choose,
She soar'd above her known and common Height,
To Heav'n she rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n she took her flight.
Such is your Muse's Subject, such her Tongue,
Witness this Polish'd and Melodious Song:
Where the same Majesty of Verse;
The same just stile, the same deep Sense appears.
No Jests nor Puns deform the studied page,
But all his Manly Thought and Noble Rage;
But all along the mighty Genius shines,
Informs and animates the sacred Lines.
Not Heav'nly *Horace* more correctly writ,
Tho' to refine his Sense united met,
The Critick's Judgment, and the Poet's Wit.

C. D.

~~243~~ H

280... 7414

To the Unknown *AUTHOR* of the
Incomparable P O E M,

F A C T I O N D I S P L A Y ' D .

O Matchless Genius! Whose Exalted Lays
Transcend my humble and unequal Praise.
Not fam'd *Apelles* Pencil could express.
The Beauteous Heav'n of *Cytherea's* Face;
Nor any Art your Muse's Image draw,
Who what she is, like Light, her self can only show.

Let other Poets, in untuneful Verse,
Or *Delia's*, or *Lordella's* Charms rehearse;
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice,
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.
But your refin'd, your more extended Thought
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning fraught)
Pursues a loftier Theam, a Nobler Height,
And Fathoms all the Secrets of the State;
Displays the *Wily Arts* of Human-Kind,
How *Faction* sours the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind.

Strong and Majestick does your Stile appear,
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.
With nicest Art, you turn each Polish'd Line,
To make your Darling *Celsus* in full Lustre shine.
But oh! In what a moving Strain you Mourn
O're the belov'd *Marcellus* sacred Urn,
Mingling the sweetest Joy with the severest Grief,
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you Wound, at once Relieve.

'Twas Harmony (as Learned Antients thought)
The Nat'ral World to Form and Order brought;
And may your Heav'nly ever Tuneful Lays,
(Make all our Factions, our Divisions cease)
Charm and Compose the Moral World to Peace.

H. B.

TO THE READER.

TIS the Critics Objection to Lucan, that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that Reason he may perhaps delight less; yet he certainly instructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more distinct Idea of the Characters of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Brutus, in him, than we have of Augustus (under the Person of Æneas) in Virgil. We have Truth and Nakedness in one; Fiction and Embellishment in the other. The same Fault (I beg Pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses: But I have this to say for my self, that tho' I may fall as far short of some of the Whig-Writers in Poetry, as Lucan does of Virgil, yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Design, but described a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the restless and turbulent Spirits of some Men, even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken reflecting or scandalous; for Truth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes Unseasonable. But he must own that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is Projected upon a more refined Policy, and experienced Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other; and it is not the Fault of our Constitution, that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil; and what some Philosophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Universe, that it subsists by the constant Farring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of England. For it is Compounded of so many obstinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconcil'd than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Disputes too to the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Set of Mercenary Writers, who, like Swiss-Soldiers, are always ready to fight on the Side that pays best. And as none has labour'd more, so none is more scandalous, than a certain Doctor, who after having Scribbled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son, into Preferment, has lately appear'd in his proper Colours, and unsaid what he formerly urg'd with so much Vehemence and pretended zeal for his Country's Good. Trimming was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that Tom Double had been his own Character; but we now plainly see what his Aim was. This Cerberus resolved to continue Barking, till his Mouth was stopped with some Delicious Morfel, which has at last happily compos'd his Fury into Peace and Moderation. We are like to be well instructed indeed, when such Men as these pretend to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, that because he was Read with Pleasure, when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentments of the Proceedings of a Devouring Ministry; that he can therefore impose his own shuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reason and Justice then, will be so still in spite of all the Poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary, and if he had had the least degree of Modesty, he would either have pursu'd his former Notions, or have been silent.

But such a Cause could expect no better an Advocate, and those who employ'd him to propose and recommend their Trimming Measures (which always proceed from Cowardize, or Self-interest) have the Mortification to see him receiv'd with that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.

I wish the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation have not already put it out of their Power to Crush the Faction, which they have hitherto so imprudently Cherished, and which at last (if I have not Display'd it in very false Colours) will certainly Tear and Destroy the Government.

FACTION

DISPLA'D.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
 Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,
 Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmen's Hearts,
 Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts.
 Say, how a Fierce Caball Combin'd of late,
 Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the State;
 What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to Complain
 In *Anna's* Gentle and Propitious Reign.

Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
 Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.
 Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
 By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
 She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
 And *Jove's* avenging Thunder to defy.
 She rais'd the Hand, that struck the Fatal Blow,
 Which *Martin's* & *Jove's* Vicegerent here below;
 She still pursues him with relentless Hate,
 Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Insults his Fate.

'Tis She, that would, for ev'ry slight Offence,
 Depose a True Hereditary Prince;
 That would *Usurpers* for their Treason Crown,
 Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
 And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reassert their rightful Throne.

No Constitution in the World can boast
 A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Just,
 Than *England's* are; where Sov'reign, Kingly sway,
 Is mixt and qualify'd with such Allay,
 That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
 Nor yet so basely *mist*, as that our Kings
 Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things.
 For tho', indeed, they can have no Pretence
 With *Fundamental Contracts* to Dispence,
 (For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,
 Prerogative is High, and unrestrain'd.
 In equal Distance from Extremes we move,
 No Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.
 Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
 Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
 Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra* State,
 Whose many Heads threaten each others Fate,
 And load their Body with unwieldy Weight.
 But a Successive Monarchy we own,
 With all the Lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old Establish'd *English* Frame,
Which might have flourish'd Ages yet the same,
But for this Envious Foe; who still prepares
To sow the Seed of long Intestine Wars.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Desolation reigns;
(Fatal Prefage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There stands an Antiquus Venerable Pile,
Whose Lords were once the Glories of our Isle:
But now it Mourns that Race of Heroe's dead,
And droops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Fashion's* Refuge; where she keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Resort.
Here, when their glorious N—— fell, they met
On new Resolves and Measures to Debate.

Say then, my Muse, their secret Thoughts display,
Expose their dark Designs to open Day.

This Grand *Cabal* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)
Despair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
Till *Moro* rose (the Master of the Dome)
A Stammering, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L——
Who prov'd his want of Sense in ev'ry word,

When hissing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke loose ;
 ' I take it as an Honour that you've Chose
 ' For this Debate, your humble Servant's House.
 ' The House henceforward shall Recorded stand,
 ' As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land ;
 ' And I to future Ages be renown'd,
 ' The *Party's* Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.
 ' Now N—, —, the immortal N—'s gone,
 ' We justly his untimely Herse Bemoan.
 ' O that I could restore his Life again !
 ' For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain ?
 Full of such Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
 But that black *Ario's* Pierceness did prevent.
 A *Scotch*, Seditious, Unbelieving Priest,
 The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Fest* ;
 Who first his Patron, then his Prince Betray'd,
 And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, Invade.
 Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began ;
 ' To talk of calling Life agen is vain.
 ' Peace to the *Glorious* dead. We justly mourn ;
 ' His Ashes, ever Sacred be his Urn :
 ' But here, my L—, we are together met,
 ' To vow to A—'s Sceptre endless Hate.
 ' For since my hope of W—son is expir'd,
 ' With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
 ' I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
 ' My thund'ring Voice shall shake her in the Throne ;
 ' Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.

A Pause ensu'd, till Patriarch's Grace,
 Was pleas'd to read his Huge unwieldy Mass;
 A Mass unadorned with a Soul,
 Or else he'd ne're be made so vile a Tool;
 He'd ne're his Apostolick Charge Prophane,
 And *Arbiter*, and * *Fanatic* Cause maintain.
 At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
 The Bulky Pimate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.

* The Maid-
 Hon. Lesson.

'I much approve my Brother's Zealous Heat,
 'Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
 'On which Success and Praise will ever wait.
 'But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
 'Unpractic'd in their Arts and studied Rules;
 'By which they make the Wifest of us Fools.
 'The Task be therefore yours, to Forge some Plot,
 'And I'll be Ready with my trusty Vote,
 'Nor ere give your Commands a Second Thought.
 'Tho' I were Mute, you must confess I've Stood,
 'Fixt as a Rock, amidst the beating Flood.
 'Witness St. A——ph's, and St. D——d's Cause,
 'Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws,
 'And did in either Case Injustice flow,
 'Here sav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o're a Foe.
 Then old *Mysterio* shook his Silver Hairs,
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
 Whom Factionous Zeal to fierce *Unchristian* Scuffle,
 Had hurry'd in the last Extremity of Life.

Stranger

Strange Dotage! thus to Sacrifice his Base,
 When Nature whispers Men to Crown their days
 With sweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
 Fore-knowledge struggled in his heaving Breast,
 Ere he in these dark Terms his Fears express.

'The Stars rowl adverse, and malignant shine,
 'Some dire Portend! Some Comet! Divine!

'I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
 'That *A—* to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.

'Howe're, tho' She and all her Senate frown,
 'I'll wage eternal War with *P———*,

'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
 As he went on, his Tongue a trembling quiv'rd,
 And all his Pow'r of Utterance suppress'd.

So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inspiring God,
 She raving lost her Voice, and Speechless stood.

Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd!
 How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?

How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
 When *Land* or *Sacerost* fill'd the Sacred Chair?

Land, tho' by some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
 Whilst *Patriarchs* is despis'd and Scorn'd,
 Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mournd.

Sacerost's unblemish'd Life, divinely Pure,
 In its own heavenly Innocence Secure,

The teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy shall endure.

When

When for th' Establish'd Faith they should contend,
 Meekness and Christian Charity pretend;
 But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
 For *Schism* and *Toleration* they engage;
 With strange Delight and Rager's sponse
Occasional Conformity shameful Cause;
 Oppress thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.
 Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
 And tamely thy *Essential* Rights resign.
 Thy antient Truths with Modern Glosses blend,
 Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
 Such Arts have Christianity o'rethrown:
 For *Scepticism*, that now triumphant reigns,
 Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
 Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Despairing lies,
 Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

But Muse proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
 That would Inflame thy Satyrizing Song.

Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
 What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
 Uncheck'd by Fear, unshuffled by Disgrace;
 Whose Working, Turbulent, Factious Mind
 No Tenderness can move, no Ties can bind.
 To gain a Rake he'll Drink, and Whore, and Ram,
 To engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant.

So Satan can in differing Forms appear,
 Or Radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness wear.
 Thrice he Blasphem'd, and thrice he frantick Swore
 By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r;
 Then wav'd his Staff, and said:
 'Tho' N——'s Death has all our Measures broke,
 'Yet never will we bend to A——'s Yoke.
 'The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
 'If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
 'Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
 'Ere that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
 'O had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,
 'We ne're had been Subjected to her Reign,
 'But rooted out the S——'s hated Line!
 'Howe're, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
 'We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.
 'We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
 'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
 'VVe may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
 'Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
 'Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria's* Flood,
 'VWhich for ten rowling Centuries has stood.
 'Argue how th' *Roman*, and *Athenian* State
 'VWere only when Republicks truly Great.
 'Tis easy the Unreasoning Mob to guide,
 'For they are always on the Factions side.
 'This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,
 'To Manage and Cajole S——'s Court.

'Toland alone for such a work is fit,
 'In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
 'The Scotch, a Rough Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
 'Have long at *England's* growing Pow'r repin'd:
 'Nor need we, with unnecessary Care,
 'Endeavour to foment Rebellion there.
 'For scarce our N——'s Empire they endur'd,
 'Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
 'And murmur'ing now they ask a foreign Lord.
 'But (Health suppos'd) to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
 'And right or wrong Usurp the Common's Chair;
 'That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
 'Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tarring Foes.
 'At least I'll substitute some *Wealthy Friend*,
 'Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend
 'To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.
 So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
 And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his mind,
 In such a warm Harangue his Friends address'd,
 And open'd all the Secret of his Breast.
 This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool,
 Tho' just before he scarcely could Controul
 The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
 His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,
 Worn with a poy's'nous and corroding Flame.
 An unjust J——e, and blemish of the M——,
 Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case.

* This Pro-
 ject was once
 Talk'd of.

A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,
 For who can e're that curst *Far—on* name,
 But to his foul Disgrace, and to his Shame?
 Besides, in spite of all his loud Defence,
 He shew'd a want of Honesty or Sense,
 In passing ev'ry Plund'ring Countier's *Grants*.
 He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
 Deist, Republican, Adulterer.

Thus his lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,
 And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.

' There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,
 ' VVhose ev'ry word deserves divine Applause.

* The Person
 here Repre-
 sented, was
 living at the
 time of this
 Cabal.

' Not ev'n * *Cethega's* self could form a Plot,
 ' More nicely Spun, more exquisitely wrought.

' Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
 ' The Glory of the Revolution claim.

' 'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,

' Did *James* and all his *Jesuit-train* defeat.

' He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jest,

' Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest.

' Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols Bow'd,

' Prevaricating with his King, his God.

' A *Proteus*, ever acting in Disguise,

' A finish'd Statesman, Intricately Wise,

' A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above

' The little Tyes of Gratitude and Loye;

' Whose

'Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse,
 'Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse.
 'But why should I *Cerberus's* Praise pursue,
 'When all his Vertues, *Clodio*, shine in you.
 'You can another *Revolution* frame,
 'The same your Principle, your Skill the same.
 'Whilst then the wav'ring *Iris* are your Care,
 'Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
 'Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money spare;
 '*Cerberus* in your Absence shall preside
 'O're our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide.
 'Like the Supream directing Hand of *Jove*,
 'Shall act unseen, and all around him move.
 'I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
 'Will find a way to sanctify our Cause,
 'Will prove, in *Passive Jacobites* despite,
 'Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples Right.
 'Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
 'We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand;
 'Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.
 'When with our faithful City Friends we Dine,
 'We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine.
 'We'll plant in ev'ry Coffeehouse a Spy,
 'That boldly shall the Ministry decry;
 'Shall Praise the past, the present Reign Condemn,
 'And all their Measures, all their Councils Blame.
 'Shall spread a thousand idle, groundless Tales,
 'Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P——ce of W——;
 'C 2 Shall

' Shall never fail Objections still to raise,
 ' (Whatever is transacted with Success)
 ' And turn their greatest Honour to Disgrace.
 ' This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
 ' From sweetest Things will rankest Poysons draw.
Narcisso next, Magnificently Gay,
 Smil'd his Assent, but not a word would say.
 He fear'd to strain his Voice by Talking loud,
 Nor was his Quail-pipe made for such a Crowd.
 A batter'd Bean, yet youthful in Decay,
 Who Dresses Whores and Games his Time away.
 Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice,
 With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.
 And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
 An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
 Then squeal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
 Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
 Nor will we here the Blustering Speech repeat.
 A Bully, *Lucius*, whose wild mad Looks proclaim,
 His Bosom burn'd with more than Heroe's Flame,
 Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delights,
 Promiscuously opposing wrong and right.
 What e're he does is always in Extreams,
 Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory* damps.
 His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
 To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
 He never was, nor e're will be Content
 With any Prince, with any Government.

Last rose *Bachello*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.

A gay, pragmatrical, pretending Tool,
Opinionatively wise, and pertly dull.

A Demy-Statesman, Talkative and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.

With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.

'Do you perform the Politician's Part,

'I'll bring th' Assistance of the Muses Art.

'The Poet-Tribe are all at my Devoir,

'And write as I Command, as I inspire.

'C—g—ve for me *Pastor's* Death did Mourn,

'And her white Name with Sable Verse adorn.

'R—too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train,

'Twas he that Sung immortal *Tamerlane*,

'Tho' now he dwindles to an *humbler Strain.

'I help'd to Polish G—th's rough, awkward Lays,

'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's praise

'W—sb Votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,

'Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.

'*Van's* Bawdy, Plotless Plays were once our Boast,

'But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.

'On A—son we safely may depend,

'A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.

'Thro' *Alpine hills* he shall my Name resound,

'And make his Patron known in *Classick Ground*.

These

* The Fair
Penitent.

' These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
 ' Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecenas* too.
 ' Princes but sit unsettled on their Thrones,
 ' Unless supported by *Apollo's* Sons.
 ' *Augustus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian* Muse,
 ' And happier *N——* had his *M——gues*.
 ' But *A——*, that Ill-fated Tory Queen,
 ' Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.

Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*,
 Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,
 Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
 For ev'ry Rebelheart has not a Tongue.
 Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of P—,
 Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
 Beaus, Bigers, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,
 Tofters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
 Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
 To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.
 For since the Muse would Blush to paint their Crimes,
 Let Decency restrain th' Invektive Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the *Throng*
 Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung:
 Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
 Asserted, and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

Now

Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
 When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
 As well describ'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bullfac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.
 Sweating and Puffing for a while he stood,
 And then broke forth in this Insulting Mood.
 'I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,
 'Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write...
 'Those only purchase everliving Fame,
 'That in my Miscellany plant their Name.
 'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
 'Because I follow a Mechanick Trade,
 'I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours spread-
 'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit - Kat*,
 'A Club that gave Direction to the State.
 'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,
 'To talk Prophane and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
 'We taught them how to Toft, and Rhime, and Bite,
 'To Sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.
 Some this Fantastick Speech approv'd, some Sneer'd,
 The wight grew Cholerick, and disappear'd.

Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while
 Sat hov'ring on the Summit of the Pile.
 A secret and exulting Joy she finds,
 To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;

And

And the bare prospect of such Noble Ills
 Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
 Then She——

' With what delight do I my Sons behold,
 ' So resolutely Brave, so fiercely Bold.
 ' Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,
 ' Nothing subdue their well united Force.
 ' *Volpone*, who will solely now Command
 ' The Publick Purse, and T—f—e of the Land,
 ' Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose
 ' A Band of such exasperated Foes.
 ' For how should he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
 ' Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
 ' What did he e're in all his Life perform,
 ' But shrink at the approach of ev'ry Storm;
 ' But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
 ' With *Moderation-Principles* Inspir'd,
 ' Forsook his Friends, and decently Retir'd.
 ' Nor has he any real just Pretence
 ' To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.
 ' For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's high,
 ' To manage an o'reflowing T—f—y?
 ' Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
 ' Since S—ms, Sir Ja—es, and H—ll—way may claim
 ' A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
 ' I fear the Man, who dares the Truth assert,
 ' Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
 ' The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.

' Such *Celsus* is, but I foresee his Fate,
 ' To be supplanted by *Sempronius's* Hate.
 ' (*Sempronius* of a Lewd procuring Race,
 ' The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
 ' 'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
 ' For Hell would then employ her Fiend in vain.
 ' He never knew to prostitute the State,
 ' Never by being Guilty to be Great,
 ' Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
 ' Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
 ' Rome's subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
 ' With Wealth and Honour in the Balance lay'd,
 ' To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
 ' The firm Resolves of his unbiass'd Soul,
 ' True to his Conscience, as the Needle to the Pole,
 ' Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
 ' He nobly made his Country's Cause his own;
 ' Whilst others keep their interest still in view,
 ' And neglect Spirits weaker ends pursue.
 ' So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
 ' With the fixt *Publick Motives* of the Sky,
 ' Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move,
 ' Within the narrow Orbs of private Love.
 ' She stopp'd—for now her anger began to rise;
 ' Flush'd in her Cheek, and sparkl'd in her Eyes.
 ' And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
 ' That she was forc'd the Worth she lov'd to praise.
 ' The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd, she took her flight
 ' To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England* how revolving is thy State
 How few thy Blessings? how severe thy Fate
 O destin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
 By those, whose Duty 'tis to serve and aid
 A griping vile degenerate viper Brood,
 That tear thy Vitals, and exhaust thy Blood.
 A varying Kind, that no fix'd Rule pursue,
 But often form their Principles anew
 Unknowing where to lodge Supreme Command,
 Or in the King, or Peers, or People's hand
 One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
 To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
 Who to his Subjects when at length *Resolv'd*,
 Without distinction was their common Lord
 What Party else to *David's* happy Throne,
 Would have prefer'd a giddy *Abshur*?
 But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
 Then they to him would have all sway confin'd;
 Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign
 Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain:
 Nay with a *Shedding Force* thy Sons would awe,
 The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
 But if nor King nor Commons will comply
 With their detested Acts of Villany
 They strive the Peers, declining Pow'r to raise,
 And get *Impetuous* voted into Praise.
 Blest Patriots these, who Liberty employ,
 To elude thy Laws, and Liberty destroy!

VVhere

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
 Which once inspir'd thy antient Patriots dead?
 Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
 When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd :
 Who spread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
 To shelter and Protect the Parent Ground;
 Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o're their Head,
 Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade.
 Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,
 And never such a Race of Men arose;
 Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
 Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
 With-holds his Grace, and denies us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
 VVill touch thy *Various* Grief, and charm thy Grief)
 If my Condoling Mourner's Heart should move
 To Visit thy *Marcella's* Sacred Tomb;
 For his Hereditary Gifts alone
 Could have *Rever'd* thy Fame, and carried down
 The Glorious Scene of Triumphs down his begun;
 O may thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
 That *Fav'rites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
 For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
 With Her will Flourish, and with Her will End;
 But my shok'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,
 (The sad Idea gives Eternal Moan)

When she shall late, but ah! to soon comply
 With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky.
 For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
 Who represent the Mother, but the Son?
 O! had the Power, that governs humane Fate,
 His years extended to a longer Date,
 To what transcendence had his Genius sprung,
 Which was so ripe, so Perfect, yet so Young;
 But when fresh blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim
 The lasting Structure of his Beautifull Frame,
 When Health and Vigour with a kind prodage,
 Promis'd the happy happiness of Age;
 Then with a momentary turn of Fate,
 The Pride, thy darling Hope was snatch'd away.
 So, by the Gates of shining Spheres,
 Where the great Rulers of the Universe
 Open the lofty portals wide,
 They find thee, and enlary'd, and wait from thence
 Some Bless'd, more than common Influence,
 One shining star, the sacred Light,
 Raising thee to the glorious heights of Night.

FIN